

*The contention of the two famous Houses,  
Enter Salisbury and Warwick.*

*Edward.* See noble Father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of *Torke*.

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of *Torkes* encreasing house,  
The small remainder of my weary life,  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

*Torke.* VVhat say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.

VVhat saies Lord *Warwicke*, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can:  
Now by my faith Lords, 't was a glorious day,  
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Torke*,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

*Exit omnes.*

*FINIS.*

